Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not ſpeake with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed diſtract, her mood will needs be pittied.

Quee. What would ſhe have?

Gent. She ſpeakes much of her father, ſayes ſhe heares
There's trickes i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enviouſly at ſtrawes, ſpeakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe ſenſe, her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winkes, and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there might be thought,
Though nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may ſtrew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in. *Enter Ophelia.*

Quee. "To my ſicke ſoule, as ſins true nature is,
"Each toy ſeemes prologue to ſome great amiſſe;
"So full of artleſſe jealouſie is guilt,
"It ſpills it ſelfe in fearing to be ſpilt.

Ophel. Where is the beauteous majeſty of *Denmarke?*

Quee. How now *Ophelia?* *She ſings.*

Ophel. How ſhould I your true love know from another one?
By his cockle hat and ſtaffe, and by his ſendall ſhoone.

Quee. Alas ſweet Lady, what imports this ſong?

Ophel. Say you, nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*
At his head a graſſe-greene turfe, at his heeles a ſtone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Oph. Pray you mark. White his ſhrowd as the mountain ſnow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas, looke here my Lord.

Ophel. Larded all with ſweet flowers, *Song.*
Which beweept to the ground did not goe,
With true love ſhowers.

King.